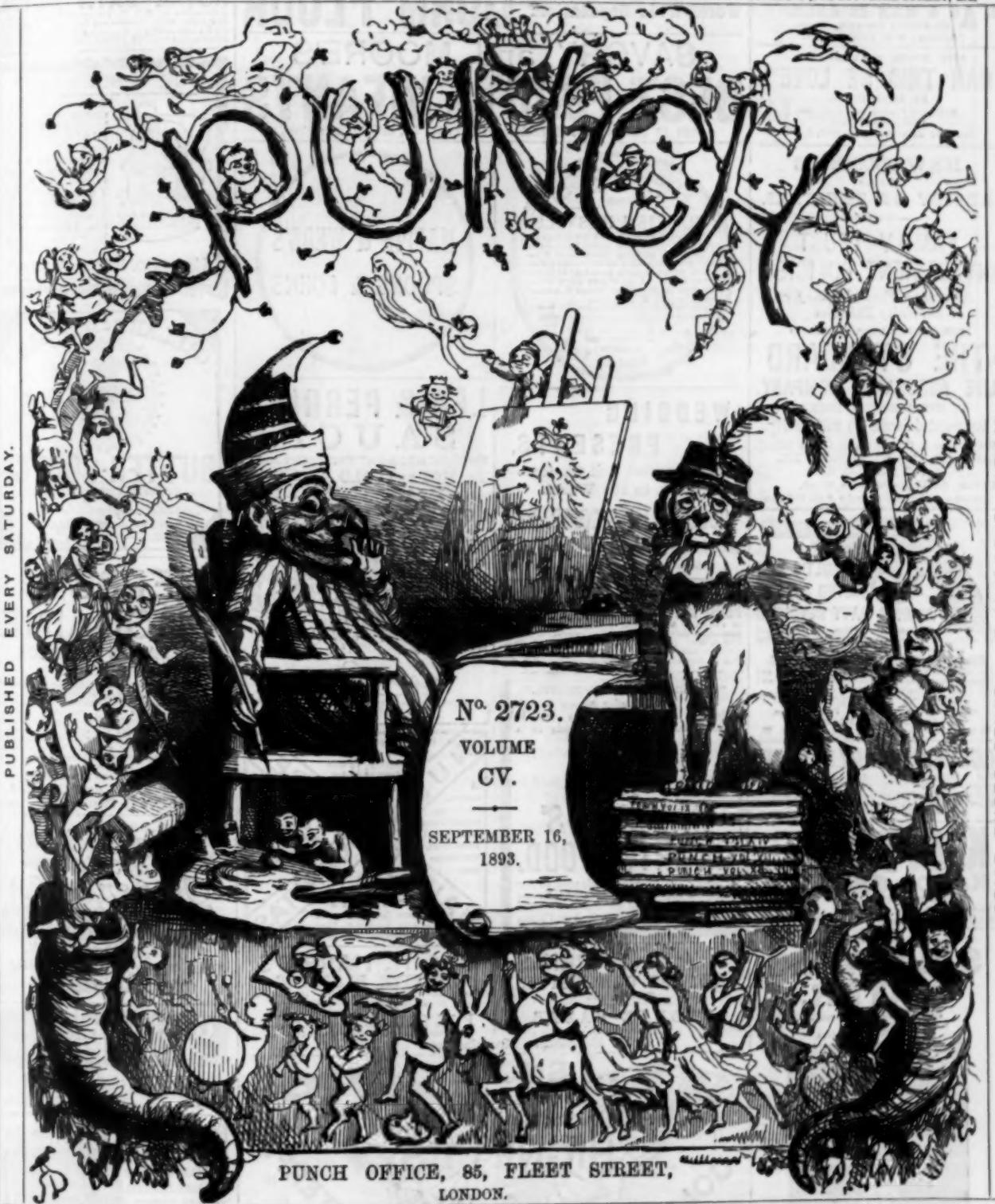


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A CROWDED HOUSE.

Angry Voice (from a back seat). "EARS OFF IN FRONT THERE, PLEASE!"

A NOVEL SHOW.

"A popular place of entertainment is arranging a Burglars' Exhibition."—*Daily Telegraph*.]

On, gladly will the public pay
Its shillings for admission,
To study in a careful way
This most original display,
The Burglars' Exhibition.

Professor SIXES will here explain,
With practical instruction,
How best to break a window-pane,
Through which his classic form may gain
Judicious introduction.

The jemmies, and revolvers, too,
Will doubtless prove enthralling,
And all the implements we'll view
With which these scientists pursue
Their fascinating calling;

The most efficient type of gag
To silence all intrusion,
The latest kind of carpet-bag
Wherein to bear the bulky "swag"
To some remote seclusion.

Then, by this exhibition's aid,
The art will spread to others,
And those who ply this busy trade
Will, in a year or two, be made
A noble band of brothers.

The thief of olden time we'll see
As seldom as the dodo;
The burglar's future aim will be
To join the *fortiter in re*
And *suaviter in modo*!

THE MOST UNPARDONABLE "MISUSE OF WORDS."—Making after-dinner speeches.

CONVERSION À LA MODE.

SCENE.—A *Government Office*. A *Government Official* discovered.

To him enter a *Petitioner*.

Petitioner. I really think, Sir, that the time has arrived for a grant.

Official. Impossible, my dear Sir, impossible. I can assure you the reports are greatly exaggerated.

Pet. But do you know that the ports cannot properly be guarded without further financial assistance?

Off. Very likely; at least, that may be the general opinion.

Pet. And Science could be far more certain did the funds permit—you are aware of that?

Off. Faddists never consider the cost of anything.

Pet. And I suppose you are aware that it is marching towards the metropolis?

Off. When it gets there it will be time to consider the situation.

Pet. Then you have not heard of the recent affair in Westminster?

Off. In Westminster! Why that is close to the Houses of Parliament!

Pet. And if I tell you that it has been traced to the Lobby of the Commons.

Off. Don't say another word, my dear Sir, not another word. What, appeared in the House of Commons! Why, several millions shall be granted at once!

[Scene closes in upon preparations of the most active character.]

ANNOUNCEMENT.—*The Heavenly Twins* has had a success. It will be followed by a treatise on gout by Mrs. SARAH GAMP, M.D., to be entitled *The Unevenly Twinge*.

THE STRIKER'S VADE MECUM.

Question. You think it is a good thing to strike?

Answer. Yes, when there is no other remedy.

Q. Is there ever any other remedy?

A. Never. At least, so say the secretaries.

Q. Then you stand by the opinions of the officials?

A. Why, of course; because they are paid to give them.

Q. But have not the employers any interests?

A. Lots, but they are not worthy the working-man's consideration.

Q. But are not their interests yours?

A. Yes, and that is the way we guard over them.

Q. But surely it is the case of cutting off the nose to spite the mouth?

A. And why not, if the mouth is too well fed.

Q. But are not arguments better than bludgeons?

A. No, and bludgeons are less effective than revolvers.

Q. But may not the use of revolvers produce the military?

A. Yes, but they can do nothing without a magistrate reading the Riot Act.

Q. But, the Riot Act read, does not the work become serious?

A. Probably. But at any rate the work is lawful, because unremunerative.

Q. But how are the wives and children of strikers to live if their husbands and fathers earn no wages?

A. On strike money.

Q. But does all the strike money go to the maintenance of the hearth and the home?

A. Of course not, for a good share of it is wanted for the baccy-shop and the public-house.

Q. But if strikes continue will not trade suffer?

A. Very likely, but trade represents the masters.

Q. And if trade is driven away from the country will it come back?

A. Most likely not, but that is a matter for the future.

Q. But is not the future of equal importance to the present?

A. Not at all, for a day's thought is quite enough for a day's work.

Q. Then a strike represents either nothing or idleness?

A. Yes, bludgeons or beer.

Q. And what is the value of reason?

A. Why, something less than smoke.

"SOCIAL TEST-WORDS."

[An American writer in *The Critic* has an article on this subject.]

Two "social questions" soon, we may expect, Will, in two continents, raise a social storm:—

"Is it correct to say a thing's 'correct'?"

"Is it good form to use the phrase 'good form'?"

Or will both go, with those who finely feel, The way of "gentlemanly," and "gentle"?

Shall *Punch* attempt to settle it? No,

thankee!

He rather thinks he'll leave it to the Yankee.

What matters it about our played-out tongue?

(In which some good things have been said and sung.)

Let those war the war of "Saxon versus Slang"

wage,

Who have the charge of "the American

Language."

That has a future (HOWELL's law, and FATE's!)

"The language of the Great United States"

(Unless through cant and coarseness it goes rotten)

The world will speak when "English" is forgotten.

The Coming Fall.

THE Autumn comes. We welcome it—

A change from Summer heat appalling.

The birds once more begin to fly

To warmer climes, the leaves are falling.

But portent clear as clear can be,

We know that Autumn comes by reasoning

"Look all the papers that we see

Are daily stuffed with silly reasoning."

"A QUIET PIPE."

"One touch of nature" kins
To-day
With classical Arcadia.
This faun-like "nipper,"
Tree-perched, is tooting, toot-
ling on,
Though Pan be dead, Arcadia
gones,
And wild "Kazoo" are played
upon
By the cheap tripper.

Half imp, half animal, behold
The 'ARRY of the Age of Gold
In this young satyr!
Lover of pleasure and of "lush"
(Silenus at the slang might
blush),
Of haunted Nature's holy, hush
Irreverent hater.

Mischief and music, mockery.
Swift eyes oblique in goblin
glee,
And nimble finger;
Sardonic lips that slide with
speed
Athwart the ranged pastoral
reed;
Upon these things [will] fancy
feed,
And memory linger.

Imp-urchin of the budding
horn,
Native to Nature's nascent
morn,
The same quaint pranks
You played 'midst the Arcadian
shade,
By satyrs of to-day are played;
Their nether limbs in "tweeds" arrayed
Not shaggy shanks.

Not cheap tan kids and KINO's best
Can hide the frolic faun confest,
Or coarse Silenus;
Like SPENSER's satyrs, they attack us,



With rompings rouse, with noises rack
us,
Brutes in the train of beery Bacchus,
And vulgar Venus.

'ARRY's mouth-organ is, indeed,
Far shriekier than your shrilling reed,
Pan-fathered piper;

While his tin-whistle—a wood-
god,
Whose tympanum that sound
should prod,
Would start, and shriek, as
though he trod
Upon a viper.

Ah, yes, my little satyr-friend,
Better Arcadia than Southend
On a Bank-Holiday!
You and your Pan-pipe might
appear,
And tootle, yet not rend my
ear.
Or with a novel Panic fear
Upset a jolly day.

Aperch upon your branch, you
carry
A certain likeness to our 'ARRY,
Yet 'tis but slight.
He could not sit, the noisy
brute!
And natural music mildly flute,
Till the assembled nymphs were
mute
With sheer delight.

He'd want the banjo and the
bones,
And rowdy words, and raucous
tones,
And roaring chorus.
Urobin, I've done you grievous
wrong!
No echoes of Arcadian song
Sound in the screech the holiday
throng
Rattle and roar us.

To your shrill flutings I could listen
When on the grass-blades dewdrops glisten,
And morn is ripe.
Could sit and hear your pastoral reed,
In peace, and do myself, indeed
(Fair laden with "the fragrant weed"),
"A Quiet Pipe!"

THE HIGHLAND "CADDIE."

[There has been a strike among the Golf Caddies.]

AIR—"The Blue Bells of Scotland."

Oh! where, and oh! where is your Highland "Caddie" gone?
He's gone to join the Strike, and now "Caddie" I have none;
And it's oh! in my heart that I wish the Strike were done!

Oh! what, and oh! what does your Highland "Caddie" claim?
He wants sixpence for a round of nine holes. It is a shame,
And it's oh! in my heart that I fear 'twill spoil the game.

And what, tell me what, are your Highland Caddie's tricks?
He has "picketed the links" just to keep out all "knobsticks,"
And it's oh! in my heart, that I feel I'm in a fix!

Suppose, oh! suppose that all Highland Caddies strike!
I might have to turn up golf, and to tennis take, or "bike,"
But it's oh! in my heart that I do not think 'tis like!

"NAME! NAME!"—In a recent report from the East occurs the delightfully-suggestive name of "SEYD BIN ABED." Of course he is a relative to "SEYD IM GOTUP AGEN." Or perhaps he has changed his name from "SEYD UAD BIN ABED" to "SEYD IMON SOPHIA." If "Seyd" be not pronounced as "Seed" but as "Said," the above titles can be altered to match. True or not, yet "so it is Seyd." The news in which this name occurs appears to have reached the correspondent through a person called "RUMALIZA." Can anything coming from a female styled "RUM ELIZA" be credible?

OUT OF COURT.—A sharp young lady listening to a conversation about witnesses being sworn in Court, interrupted with "I don't know much about kissing the book, but if I didn't like him, I'd soon bring the kisser to book."

AT THE SHAFESBURY.

The few theatres now open seem to be doing uncommonly good business. The Shaftesbury, with *Morocco Bound*, was as nearly full as it could be in the first week of September, when the cry is not yet "They are coming back," but they are remaining away. Another week will make all the difference. *Morocco Bound* is not a piece at all, but a sort of variety show, just held together by the thinnest thread of what, for want of a better word, may be temporarily dignified as "plot." Mr. CHARLES DANBY is decidedly funny in it. Mr. TEMPLAR SAXE is a pretty singer. Mr. GEORGE GROSSEY well sustains the eccentric reputation of his family name; and, if any opposition manager could induce the present representative of *Spoojah Bey* to appear at another house, it would be "all up" with *Morocco Bound*, as such a transfer would entirely take "the Shine" out of this piece. Miss JENNIE McNULTY does nothing in particular admirably; and Miss LETTY LIND, charming in her *entr'actes* of skirt-dancing, is still better in her really capital dance with the agile CHARLES DANBY. This entertainment has reached its hundred and fiftieth night (!!!), and all those who are prevented from going North to stalk the wily grouse may do worse than spend a night among the Moors in *Morocco Bound*. Oddly enough, but quite appropriately, the acting-manager in front, who looks after the fortunes of Morocco and its Moors, is Mr. A. BLACKMORE. Out of compliment he might have let in an "a" after the "k," dropped the final "e," and given himself a second "o." Still, in keeping with the fitness of things, he has done well in being there.

ANCIENT SAWS RESET.

"All work and no pay makes JACK a striking boy."

"All pay and no work makes JACK's employer go without a shirt."

DURING the recent tropical weather, Mrs. R. observed that it was the only time in her life when she would have given anything "just to have got a little cold."



ON HIS HONEYMOON TOO!

Man with Sand Ponies. "Now then, MISTER, YOU AN' THE YOUNG LADY, A PONY APIECE? 'ERE Y'ARE!"
Snobley (softly). "Aw—I'M NOT ACCUSTOMED TO THAT CLASS OF ANIMAL."
Man (readily). "AIN'T YER, SIR? NE' MIND." (To Boy.) "ERE, BILL, LOOK SHARP! GENT'LL HAVE A DONKEY!"

"THE BOOK THAT FAILED."

[A publisher writes to *The Author* to say that, for the first time in his experience, the writer of a book which was not a success has sent him an unsolicited cheque to compensate him for the loss he has sustained by producing it.]

AS THINGS ARE TO-DAY.

Publisher (nastily). I tell you that it's no earthly use your asking about profits, because there are none.

Author (amazed). No profits! And you really mean to tell me that the public has not thought fit to purchase my shilling work of genius—*The Maiming of Mendoza*? By our agreement only a paltry six thousand copies of the work had to be bought before my royalty of a penny a volume began.

Publisher. I am quite aware of it. The sale of the six thousand copies would just about have repaid us for cost of production. As a matter of fact, only three thousand have been sold. We've lost heavily, and very much regret we were ever induced to accept the work.

Author. And you really ask me to believe that after such a sale as that a loss on your part is possible? Why, if you take price of printing at— [Goes elaborately into cost of production.]

Publisher. Yes, but you see the price of everything has gone up in our trade. Binding is now ten per cent. dearer, composing is— [Also goes into precise and prolonged details.]

Author (turning desperate at last). Oh, let us end this chatter! You really say that no cheque whatever is due to me for all my labours?

Publisher. Not a single penny. It's the other way about.

Author (leaving). And you call this "the beneficial system of royalties," do you? Good day! And if I don't see the Society of Authors at you before I am a day older, then my name's not BULWER MAKEPEACE DEPON SMITH! [Exit tempestuously.]

AS THEY MAY BE TO-MORROW.

Utterly Unknown Novelist. Then I am afraid that my last three-volume work of fiction, in spite of the cordial way in which it was reviewed by my brother-in-law in the *Weekly Dotard*, my maternal

uncle in the *Literary Spy*, and a few other relatives on the daily press, has not upon the whole been a decided success?

Publisher. Well, it's useless to conceal the fact, that from a mere base material point of view, the publication of *The Boiling of Benjamin* has not quite answered our expectations. In fact, we have lost a couple of thousand pounds over it. But (more cheerfully) what of that? It is a pleasure to lose money over introducing good work to the public; a positive privilege to be sacrificed on such an altar as *The Boiling of Benjamin*. So say no more on that head!

U. U. Novelist (enthusiastically). Good and generous man! But I will say more! You recollect that the terms you made with me were a thousand pounds down, and a hundred pounds a month for life or until the copyright expired?

Publisher (groaning slightly). Oh, yes! I remember it very well.

U. U. Novelist. And that I have already received cheques for one thousand and five hundred pounds, without your mentioning a word about the loss you have been nobly and silently enduring?

Publisher. An agreement's an agreement, and you are only experiencing one result of the beneficial system of royalties.

U. U. Novelist. Quite so! But if there is to be division of profits, there should be division of losses as well. So (taking out cheque-book, and hurriedly writing in it) there! Not a word of thanks! It's merely repaying you the fifteen hundred I've received, with another thousand to compensate you for the loss on production.

Publisher (melted into tears). Oh, thanks, thanks! You have averted ruin from my starving little ones! And if you should wish to bring out any other work of— He is gone, to escape my gratitude! (Takes up cheque.) By far the best thing he ever wrote!

POLITICAL PARALLEL.—Mr. CHAMBERLAIN declared the other day the Government were in a hole. Was it in reference to this that the Duke of ABEILL spoke in the Lords of Lord ROSEBERT's "Pitt"?

A GLASS TOO MUCH (FOR OUTSIDERS LAST WEDNESDAY).—
Isinglass.

UNDER THE ROSE.

(A Story in Scenes.)

SCENE II.—*Some as preceding.* Mr. TOOKEY is slowly recovering from the mental collapse produced by the mention of the word "Eldorado."

Mrs. Tookey. ALTHEA is out of the room, Pa, so there is no reason why you should not speak out plainly.

Mr. Tookey (to himself). No reason—oh! But I must say something. If only I knew whether it was my Eldorado—but, no, it's a mere coincidence! (Aloud—shakily.) CHARLES, my boy, you—you've shocked me very much indeed, as you can see. But, about the name of this establishment, now—isn't it a curious one for—for a music-hall, CHARLES? M—mightn't it be confused with—well—say a mine, now?

Mrs. T. THEOPHILUS, this is scarcely the tone—. I expected you to give this misguided boy a solemn warning of the ruin he may incur by having anything to do with such a haunt.

Mr. T. (to himself). Ah, I'm afraid I'm only too well qualified to do that. (Aloud.) I do, CHARLES, I do—though at the same time, I can quite understand how one may, unwittingly—I mean, you might not be aware of—

Mrs. T. You, Pa, of all people in the world, trying to find excuses for his depravity! The very name of the place is enough to indicate its nature!

Mr. T. (hastily). No, my love, surely not. There I think you go too far—too far altogether!

Mrs. T. I appeal to Mr. CURPHEW to say whether such a place is a proper resort for any young man.

Curphew (to himself). Wish I was well out of this! (Aloud.) I—I really don't feel qualified to give an opinion, Mrs. TOOKEY. Many young men do go to them, I believe.

Charles (to himself). Is this chap a prig, or a humbug? I'll draw him. (Aloud.) I suppose, from that, you never think of going yourself?

Mrs. T. Mr. CURPHEW's tastes are rather different from yours, CHARLES. I am very sure that he is never to be seen among the audience at any music-hall, are you, Mr. CURPHEW?

Curphew (to himself). Could I break it to her gently, I wonder. (Aloud.) Never—my professional duties make that impossible.

Charles (to himself). I knew he was a muff! (Aloud.) I should have thought you could easily get a pass to any place you wanted to go—in your profession.

Curphew (to himself). He suspects something. (Aloud.) Should you? Why?

Charles. Oh, as you're on a newspaper, you know. Don't they always have a free pass for everywhere?

Curphew. If they have, I have never had occasion to make use of it.

Charles. Well, of course you may turn up your nose at music-halls, and say they're not intellectual enough for you.

Curphew. Pardon me, I never said I turned up my nose at them, though you'll admit they don't profess to make a strong appeal to the intellect.

Charles. If they did, you wouldn't catch me there. But I can tell you, it's not so bad as you seem to think; every now and then they get hold of a really good thing. You might do worse than drop into the El. or the Val., the Valhalla, you know, some evening—just to hear WALTER WILDFIRE.

Curphew. Much obliged; but I can't imagine myself going there for such a purpose.

Mrs. T. CHARLES, if you suppose Mr. CURPHEW would allow himself to be corrupted by a boy like you—

Charles. But look here, Aunt. WALTER WILDFIRE's all right—he is *really*; he was a gentleman, and all that, before he took to this sort of thing, and he writes all his own songs—and ripping they

are, too! His line is the Broken-down Plunger, you know. (Mrs. T. repudiates any knowledge of this type.) He's got one song about a Hansom Cabby who has to drive the girl he was engaged to before he was broke, and she's married some other fellow since, and has got her little daughter with her, and the child gives him his fare, and—well, somehow it makes you feel choky when he sings it. Even Mr. CURPHEW couldn't find anything to complain of in WALTER WILDFIRE!

Althea (who has entered during this speech). Mamma, I can't find your spectacles anywhere. Mr. CURPHEW, who is this WALTER WILDFIRE CHARLES is so enthusiastic about?

Mrs. T. (hastily). No one that Mr. CURPHEW knows anything of—and certainly not a fit person to be mentioned in your hearing, my dear, so let us say no more about it. Supper must be on the table by this time; we had better go in, and try to find a more befitting topic for conversation. CHARLES, have the goodness to put this disgraceful paper in your pocket, and let me see no more of it. I shall get your Uncle to speak to you seriously after supper.

Mr. T. (aloud, with alacrity). Yes, my love, I shall certainly speak to CHARLES after supper—very seriously. (To himself.) And end this awful uncertainty!

Curphew (to himself, as he follows to the Dining-room). "Not a fit person to be mentioned in her hearing!" I wonder. Would she say the same if she knew? When shall I be able to tell her? It would be madness as yet.

SCENE III.—*The Study.* Mr. TOOKEY and CHARLES are alone together. Mr. TOOKEY has found it impossible to come to the point.

Charles (looking at his watch). I say, Uncle, I'm afraid I must trouble you for that wiggling at once; if I'm going to catch my train back. You've only seven-and-a-half minutes left to exhort me in, so make the most of it.

Mr. T. (with embarrassment). Yes, CHARLES, but—I don't wish to be hard on you, my boy—we are all liable to err, and—and, in point of fact, the reason I was a little upset at the mention of the Eldorado is, that a very dear old friend of mine, CHARLES, has lately lost a considerable sum through investing in a Company of the same name—and, just for the moment, it struck me that it might have been the music-hall—which of course is absurd, eh?

Charles. Rather! He couldn't possibly have lost it in the music-hall, Uncle; it's ridiculous!

Mr. T. (relieved). Just what I thought. A man in his—ah—responsible position—oh no. But he's lost it in this other Company.

Charles. Couldn't possibly say without knowing all the facts. It's a Limited Company, I suppose?

Mr. T. I—I don't know, CHARLES, but I can show you the official document which—ah—happens to be in my hands. I'm afraid I didn't examine it very carefully—I was too upset. (He goes to his *secrétaire*, and returns with a paper, which he offers for CHARLES's inspection.) You won't mind my covering up the name? My—my friend wouldn't care for it to be seen—I'm sure.

Charles (glances at the top of the paper, and roars with laughter). I say, Uncle, your friend must be a jolly old juggins!

Mr. T. (miserably). I don't think he could be described as jolly just now, CHARLES.

Charles. No, but I mean, not all there, you know—trifle weak in the upper story.

Mr. T. (with dignity). He never professed to be a man of business, CHARLES, any more than myself, and his inexperience was shamefully abused—most shamefully!

Charles. Abused! But look here, Uncle, do you mean to say you don't see that this is a dividend warrant!



Mr. T. I believe that is what they call it. And—and is he bound to send them a cheque for it at once, CHARLES?

Charles. Send them a cheque? Great Scott! Why it is a cheque! They're paying him. It's the half-yearly dividend on his five hundred, at the rate of seventy per cent. And he was going to—Oh, Lord!

Mr. T. (rising, and shaking C.'s hands with effusion). My dear CHARLES; how can I thank you? If you knew what a load you've taken off my mind! Then the Company isn't bankrupt—it's paying seventy per cent! Why, I needn't mind telling your Aunt. (With restored complacency.) Of course, my boy, I have never occupied myself with City matters—but, none the less, I believe I can trust my natural shrewdness—I had a sort of instinct, CHARLES, from the first, that that mine was perfectly sound. I knew I could trust LARKINS.

Charles. You, Uncle! Then it was you who was your friend all the time? Oh, you're really too rich, you know!

Mr. T. I have never desired it; but it will certainly be a very useful addition to our—ah—modest income, CHARLES. But you should check yourself, my boy, in this—ah—immoderately laudable. There is nothing that I can see to cause such mirth in the fact of your Uncle's having made a fortunate investment in a gold-mine.

Charles (as soon as he can speak). But it isn't a mine, Uncle, it's the music-hall! Give you my word it is. If you don't believe me, look at the address on the warrant, and you'll see it's the same as on this programme. You're a shareholder in the Eldorado Palace of Varieties, Piccadilly!

Mr. T. (falling back). No, CHARLES! I—I acquired them in the most perfect innocence!

Charles. Innocence! I'd back you for that against an entire Infant School, Uncle. But I say, I must be off now. If I were you, I wouldn't mention this to Aunt. And look here. I'd better leave you this. (He hands him the Eldorado programme.) It's more in your line than mine now. (He goes out, and is heard chuckling in the hall and down to the front gate.

Mr. T. (alone). That ribald, unfeeling boy! What a Sunday I've had! And how am I ever to tell CORNELIA now? (A bell rings.) That's to call the servants up to prayers. (He stuffs the programme into his pocket hastily, and rises.) No, I can't. I can't conduct family prayers with the knowledge that I'm a shareholder in—in a Palace of Varieties! I shall slip quietly off to bed.

Phoebe (entering). Missus wished me to tell you she was only waiting for you, Sir.

Mr. T. PHOEBE, tell your mistress I'm feeling poorly again, and have gone to bed. (To himself.) If I could only be sure I don't talk in my sleep!

END OF SCENE III.

A (FREQUENTLY) RISING M.P.—Mr. T. G. BOWLES is quite "a new boy" in the House, yet has he none of the diffidence of most other new boys. His continuous questions and his easy oratory will win for him the styles and titles of "The Flowing BOWLES" and "The Sparkling BOWLES." If Mr. P. adopts him as a frequent and favourite subject for an object lesson, such as were SITHORPE and some others in past times, he may attain the very highest position as "BOWLES of PUNCH."



BREAKING IT GENTLY.

Son of the House (who wishes to say something polite about our friend's astounding shooting, but who cannot palter with the truth). "I SHOULD THINK YOU WERE AWFULLY CLEVER AT BOOKS, SIR!"

the opponents to the Public Baths and Wash-house Bill, which it will be remembered passed through the Committee stage with the assistance of a cavalry regiment and three batteries of artillery.

Friday.—The Budget has disappointed both the fleet and the army, the combined forces have taken possession of the capital, and the Government is practically overturned.

Saturday.—Matters are still unsettled. The capital is still in possession of the insurgents. The Premier has been released on condition that he promises to bring in a Bill for the improvement of the Law of Bankruptcy early next Session. It is rumoured that a body of fresh troops are on their way to the metropolis in charge of a measure for the Abolition of Tithes, which they desire to carry through the Upper House at the point of the bayonet.

Sunday.—The Admiral commanding the fleet, having proclaimed himself Dictator, attended church in state. On his way back to his palace he was surrounded by the troops, and, after a tough engagement, was forced to retire to his flag-ship with heavy loss. The garrison would have attended the afternoon service *en grande tenue* had not the fleet opened fire upon the recently evacuated cathedral. In spite of recent events the populace still exhibit uneasiness.

FINE SUBJECT FOR HEROIC HISTORICAL CARTOON.—"TOMMY BOWLES challenging a division." Imagine it! Grand! but unfortunately the subject too late for pictorial treatment by one of Mr. P.'s young men this week. Think how many would go to make up a "Division"! Remember that TOMMY is but a Unit. "Unit is strength," says T. G. B.

THE UNEXPECTED.—*Youthful Hereditary Legislator* (seen for the first time in the neighbourhood of Westminster last week, inquires of Policeman). "Aw—can you—ar—direct me to the—aw—House of Lords?"

POLITICS IN SOUTH AMERICA.

(From our Special Correspondent on the Spot.)

Monday.—Everyone is afraid that the action of the Government in imposing a tax upon cycles will have serious effects. Although the fleet do not use the carriages thus surcharged, it is not unlikely the armour-plated cruiser *Impartial* may threaten to bombard the capital. Altogether the situation is critical.

Tuesday.—My fears were well-founded. The capital has been bombarded, but not on account of the cycle tax, but to show that the commander of the armour-plated cruiser *Impartial* objects to the proposed equalisation of Poor Rates. Fortunately the Government torpedo-catcher *Cupid* was able to beat off the *Impartial* before serious damage could be done. Still, the question of the acquisition of the telegraphs is causing much excitement amongst the army.

Wednesday.—My worst fears are realised. The General in command of the garrison has made the Church Tithes question a *casus belli*. As the Government insisted upon proceeding with the second reading, the General thought it his duty to set fire to all the public offices. This is considered to be an extreme step by many important members of the Opposition.

Thursday.—This morning dense bodies of troops arrived opposite the House of Representatives, with a view to bringing pressure to bear upon the Wash-house Bill, which it will be remembered passed through the Committee stage with the assistance of a cavalry regiment and three batteries of artillery.

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SEA-SIDE STUDIES.

Wandering Minstrel. "GURLS! I'M A DOOCID FINE CHA-APPIN!" &c., &c.

"OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY!"

[MR. GLADSTONE has gone on a visit to Mr. GEORGE ARMITSTEAD, at Black Craig Castle, Perthshire. MR. HENRY GLADSTONE stated that the Prime Minister would receive no deputations, and that the holiday would be purely recuperative.]

Pensive Premier museth:—

PURELY recuperative! Ah! precisely. Leave me alone, and I shall manage nicely. How the bees boom amidst the purple heather! Better than BOWLES and BARTLEY! (YAWN.)

Wonder whether

They're "booming" still about Sir WILLIAM's head;

Buz-wuz! Buz-wuz! And raspy RUSSELL, red [crest?]

With Orange rage, shakes he a towed crest. Crooks he continual challenge, spear in rest? Wags he a menacing fore-finger still.

At me through stout Sir WILLIAM? Poor Sir WILL! [that!]

How he'd like this! How little he likes Purely recuperative! Here I've sat Since luncheon—ruminating, reading, napping,

Thank heaven I cannot hear Lord KELVIN CASTLETON's callow clap-trap. All is still. There's nothing near I wish to stalk or kill.

Like Melancholy Jaques, I can note The branchy antlers and the dappled coat Of "poor sequestered stag," and yet not yearn.

To—make him venison. Yon brabbling burn Makes mellower music in my Scottish ears. Then the MACALLUM's slogan. How the cheers

Of SALISBURY must have fired him as he smote: Hacked at my character, hewed at my throat Like "sullen spearsman" upon Flodden field. The claymore, like his sires, he loved to wield.

They lost their heads he says, for England's weal, And he—well, has he not lost his?

I feel The mellow moorland air, gorse-scented, bland [hand]

With heather odour, soothes me, like the Of gentle woman on an angry brow. Were the great-little Scotsman with me now, Like proud McGaeson on his native heath, Breathing pure-scented, honey-laden breath, How his cook-nose would drop, his flaming crest.

Droop and unruffle! He's a scold confest, A pedagogue incarnate; horn-book, tawse. Cramming and chastisement, not making laws,

His talent and his temperament beat befit. Yet—once he lent his eloquence and wit To aid the man he now maligns. Ah, me!

"Tricky!" — "corrupt!" What arrant fiddle-de-dee [blue]

It sounds—upon these moors, beneath the Of unpolluted skies!

HOMER, to you I turn. ACHILLES in his wrath could rage, But scarce would stoop the wordy war to wage

With poisoned epithet and shrewish flout Like scorpion-tongued THERSITES.

Here, no doubt, By Black Craig Castle party wasps would turn

To honey-hiving bees. Oh, tinkling burn, You set my soul to music. HONEST JOHN, Valiant Sir WILLIAM, you must still fight on A little longer. Would ye both were here,

ARMITSTEAD's guests, like me, like me with cheer

"Purely recuperative" holiday To take—"Over the Hills and Far Away!" [Left toiling like a Lotus-eater.

AN OLD FRIEND DUE NORTH.

For a really humorous drawing commend me to the picture in the *Daily Graphic* of Saturday, September 9, representing "the civic procession to the luncheon given to Lord and Lady ABERDEEN by the Lord Mayor of Liverpool." The stately party is preceded by a Piper—of course, it is his worship the Mayor and common councillors who pay the piper and call the tune on this occasion—who is stepping out jauntily. But notice his glance; notice the Mayor's expression as he tries to prevent himself laughing, and hides one eye with the sword of State; notice Lord and Lady ABERDEEN, the latter looking a trifle annoyed, while his Lordship is struggling with painfully suppressed merriment. What is it that has nearly upset their gravity and spoilt the procession? The explanation is at hand. On the left of the picture in the foreground stands, *en evidence* it is true, but with a reverential air as of one who knows his place in society and keeps it, our old friend and contributor, *Robert the Waiter*! It must be he. It is the very man, unless he has a Scotch double, or unless he was born a twin, and the other *RONER* was a Scotchman. There he is. Get the paper and see.

NOAH'S ARK MASONRY.—For the first time *Mr. Punch*, G.A.U.W.G.M., and Past Grand Everybody, met with mention of the "Royal Ark Mariners." Do they belong to an offshoot, or rather an Olive Branch, of Free-Masonry? "There are 3980 of them," says the *Daily Telegraph*. Where do they meet? In an Ark? Do they enter in pairs? Of course, NOAH himself was a Mason, seeing that aboard his own vessel he was Sailing Master of the Craft.



“OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY ! ”



THE MAN IN THE SOUTH.

HAVING on some occasions during, I admit, the spring and autumn, spent a few days at Pinemouth on the South-Western Coast, and having had the enormous value of the place as an ultra salubrious health-restorer most energetically impressed upon me from time to time by such thoroughly disinterested persons as local members of the medical profession who, as a rule, took their holiday during the summer season, merely because they couldn't get the opportunity at any other time—a fact in itself going a long way (as they themselves did—to Switzerland and elsewhere) to prove the peculiar healthfulness of this seaside resort, and the place having been further highly recommended (by residents who, having houses to let for the summer, were quite disinterested) as quiet and delightfully refreshing, and having, in fact, heard all that could be said in favour of Pinemouth as a Summer Resort by those who had only the welfare of their dear friends at heart (and if such interest did put a little ready capital in their pockets through taking their dear friends' houses—where is the harm?), I, ROBINSON CRUSOE, Jun., "The Man of the First of August" (that being the beginning of my tenancy) determined on trying Pinemouth (a name that I find soapt with unparable familiarity in some local guide-books, thus—"P'm'th"—an abbreviation leaving the name scarcely a shred of its original character), and when I say so boldly, "I determined," any other Paterfamilias will at once know what that means.

Of course, directly "P'm'th" was decided upon, some of our friends shook their heads, others observed dubiously that "they had heard it wasn't such a very bad place in August," while the majority bade me farewell with forced cheeriness, expressed the heartiest hopes for our health and happiness in the new climate we were going to try, and in a general way our excellent friends and acquaintances were almost as enthusiastic and hopeful on the score of our enjoying ourselves and benefiting by the chance, as were the American acquaintances of *Martin Chuzzlewit* and *Mark Tapley* when those two emigrants were starting for the great dismal swamp.

Finding that we had made all our arrangements, and had actually signed and sealed the bond, and delivered ourselves over into the hands of the "P'm'thians," our friends, who, as we subsequently ascertained, had never been near the place, or, if they had, had been there at a hopelessly wrong time, and had pitched their tents in an utterly wrong quarter, made ill-disguised attempts at speaking gently and kindly of "P'm'th," allowing that possibly "it might

not, at this time of year, be so hot as had been represented,"—a theory which, like one recently put forward by a tender-hearted theologian, was immediately placed in the *Index Expurgatorius* by the Inevitable Uncompromising One who professed a thorough knowledge of the climate, and who asserted that in this particular year, when the Summer had been abnormally hot and was going to be more abnormally hot than ever, we should find "P'm'th" absolutely unbearable.

But, as the adventurous hero of "Excelsior" would listen to nobody, so I (representing "we") refused to hear the prognosticators of woe, and adhered manfully to my purpose. In the very hottest season, when the thermometer in every London house went so high that it had to be deluged with wholesome antiseptic Condiment, and doors and windows were everywhere left open so as to obtain a through draught,—for people lived on draughts of all sorts in those doggiest of dog-days and on little else,—we, that is all the CRUSOES, were seated in our garden looking on to the heather and the sea, open to all the winds of heaven—and getting one of them, the south-east, blowing softly and sweetly across our south-western height. Gracefully and gratefully we arose to play tennis, and sat down again after the evening meal to take our coffee and cigarettes. Bless thee, P'm'th! thou art delicious! thou art refreshing! Hot in the hottest August ever known thou certainly art, that is, at mid-day, down in your valley and your town! But up above on the Western Heights,

looking across an expanse of purple and yellow, uninclosed by firs, pines, or larches, on to the broad expanse of the deep blue sea, thou art all my fancy painted thee, thou art cucumbery in thy coolness! and as I think of Royat and Aix-les-Bains I smile a smile of gentle pitying wonder, and almost feel inclined to piously pray for all poor bodies suffering from the canicular heat, whether London doth still hold them in its toils, or stifling, smelling Continental cities, are causing them to sigh for the balmy breezes of Old England.

Thus then is it that "P'm'th"—that is "Pinemouth" in its abbreviated form—is the place about which, as being comparatively unknown at this season of the year, I beg to offer to *Mr. Punch*, and through him to the world at large, for the ultimate benefit of way-worn travellers, a few notes representing an uncommonly pleasant experience, which, by the kind permission of "Mr. P'm'th" aforesaid, shall be "continued in our next" by

"THE MAN IN THE SOUTH."

A WORD TO THE WEATHERWISE.

[Sir John Bridge: Don't you think there is a great deal of chance as to the weather we are to have to-morrow? Mr. Muir Mackenzie: No. Sir John Bridge: The mass of mankind think there is. Mr. Muir Mackenzie: Unfortunately the mass of mankind are very ignorant.—Bow Street Police Court, Wednesday, September 6.]

OH, MR. MUIR MACKENZIE! we're right glad
To hear this news of meteorology.
Farewell to all the many doubts we've had,
The thing's as easy now as A B C.
You know to-morrow's weather at a glance,
So, though we would not willingly o'ertask you,
When next we seek the weather in advance,
We'll simply drop a letter-card to ask you.

A CURE.—"No," said Mrs. R., after some consideration, "although I do feel a touch of rheumatism now and then, yet I do not fancy going abroad for treatment. There's some place where you drink waters and take a bath, and then are tucked up in bed for the remainder of the day. It's in Germany, I fancy, and I think they call the place *Underdelinen*."



Mr. Robinson Crusoe, Junior, deciding on where to spend his few weeks' holiday.

A HINT.

You read my verse; the praises
you bestow
Can make innocent the critic's
Vain his attack, unfelt his
shreddest blow,

You read my verse.
You like the rhymes; think not
their writer worse [forgo],
If just one hint he cannot well

The bard, to put it in a manner
terse,
Does not exist on praise alone,
you know,
And sympathy can hardly fill his
purse;

You borrow, and you do not
buy, although
You read my verse!

"GONE NAP!"—It is all up with Mr. G.! The distinguished M.P. for St. Pancras, in whose lineaments *Mr. Punch* traced a marked resemblance to the features of the Great Emperor of the French, and there and thenceforth raising him from the rank of Mr. PELL as he was formerly known, immediately christening him "NAPOLEON BOLTONPARTY" (with likeness drawn by LIKA-JOKO), even he has joined the Unionist Opposition. He is no longer "Going Nap," he has gone. Doubtless, Conservatives have their eye on him: but NAPOLEON BOLTONPARTY is too wary to be caught "napping."



INEXPENSIVE HOSPITALITY.

Fussy Wife. "MY DEAR, WHAT COULD HAVE INDUCED YOU TO INVITE ALL THOSE PEOPLE? WHY, OUR LITTLE DINING-ROOM WON'T HOLD THEM! AND FOR A SUNDAY, TOO!!"

Sagacious Husband. "MY DEAR, DON'T FUSS YOURSELF! THERE IS A SORT OF A 'DON'T-DINE-OUT-ON-A-SUNDAY' LOOK ABOUT THEM WHICH MADE IT PERFECTLY SAFE!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, September 4.—What happened to-night in connection with the Blameless BARTLEY, Bart., should have useful effect in checking the tendencies of the censorious. Having settled business arrangements by moving Resolution, Mr. G. skipped out of House to pack up for his journey to Scotland. No boy at end of term more eager for holiday; none more thoroughly earned. In heat of discussion going forward on details of Resolution Mr. G.'s departure not generally noticed. Only one faithful eye—or, to be precise, a couple—followed his passage behind SPEAKER's chair. Eyes dimmed with tears. For months, from early February to these young September days, BARTLEY, Bart., has sat opposite Mr. G., has, so to speak, lived in his large and magnificent eye. Now association about to be discovered by withdrawal of the stately presence from Treasury Bench. And only the other day he had referred to BARTLEY as "the Hon. Baronet"!

For a while BARTLEY, Bart., sat silent and sorrowing. If it had been the custom to wear sackcloth on the Opposition benches, and any ashes had been handy, he would undoubtedly have endeavoured to discover what secret consolation their use conveys. Nothing of the kind to be had on the premises. After brooding for a while, he up and spoke. "Where's the PRIME MINISTER?" he cried aloud. House hardly recognised in this wailing voice the stern accents with which it is familiar from the same quarter. "It is not proper that the House should sit without the PRIME MINISTER!"

SQUIRE OF MALWOOD (after all a kind-hearted man, quick to sympathy) endeavoured to comfort the Bereaved. "Not proper," he exclaimed, "for House to sit without presence of PRIME MINISTER! Why, for six years we had no Prime Minister here."

"That's all very well, but," as BARTLEY, still weeping for the PRIME and not to be comforted, subsequently observed to Admiral

FIELD, "you can't mend a broken heart by a quip." HANBURY and TOMMY BOWLES did their best to soothe him; walked him up and down the Terrace; gave him a cup of tea, a bottle of smelling salts, and a cabinet portrait of Mr. G. But it was only late at night, when House had got into Committee, he so far recovered as to move to reduce a vote by £100, in order to plead for some amelioration of the lot of the Treasury Valuer.

Business done.—Arrangements completed for Autumn Session.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—Remember one night in years gone by, whilst HARTINGTON was still with us in the Commons, he interrupted one of his own speeches by a portentous yawn. Complimented him on the feast; few men, I said, would have the pluck to do it; might yawn at other people's speeches, but never at their own.

"Ah, Toby," said COUNTY GUY, "you don't know how dem'd dull the speech was. You only had to listen to some of it. I had to deliver it all."

Thought of this to-night listening to old friend in Lords, now scarcely disguised as Duke of DEVONSHIRE. Spoke for nearly two hours. Those who read it will find speech admirable; one of the best, most weighty, indictments of Home Rule and the tactics that have brought it into position of Ministerial measure. But slack! for those who heard it, or, at least, sat through the two hours; not many, all told; an hour enough for THE MACULLUM MORE; other Peers on both sides of House folded their tents like the Arab, and as silently stole away. The MARKIS gallantly kept his place, sitting for some time with closed eyes, the better to concentrate his attention. PRINCE ARTHUR and JOEY C.—lovely in the Commons, in the Lords not divided—stood sturdily on either side of the Throne. "The Lion and the Unicorn supporting the Crown," said ROSEBERRY, glancing across at them.

For the ladies in the gallery, mothers and daughters, DEVONSHIRE not so attractive a parti as was HARTINGTON. Still, he is a pillar of



LAST WEEK.
Possible but improbable scene in the Upper House, which perhaps Mr. John Burns, M.P., may "regret he did not see."

the Union, a brand snatched from the burning pile to which the wicked hand of Mr. G. applied the traitorous torch. So they sat and listened—half an hour, three-quarters of an hour, an hour. Then was heard the light rustle of dainty dresses; doors softly opened along the Gallery; for a moment a fair figure stood framed in it, with guilty glances around to see if she was observed; then, with winning "back-in-five-minutes" look on innocent face, she hastily stepped out.

The Duke saw none of these things nor cared for them. He had a duty to perform, and long before OLD MORALITY was heard of, the CAVEYDISHES did their duty. He plodded on through the melancholy night; stolidly, turning over the pages of his notes; stubbornly repressing a growing tendency to yawn; catching his voice up when it wearily sank to the level of his boots; making most pathetic effort to keep it going. Usually it fell away at the end of the third or fourth sentence, to be pulled up with harsh jerk at commencement of one that followed. A good man struggling with the adversity of having to make a speech on a topic harried to death in the other House through course of over eighty days.

"Yes," said the Member for Sark, waking up from gentle slumber indulged in in corner seat at end of Gallery; "but why didn't he halve his adversity? If he'd been content with an hour we should all have been grateful, and he would have been spared a moiety of his anguish."

Business done.—Second Reading of Home-Rule Bill moved in House of Lords.

Thursday.—Again a crowded assembly in Lords to-night to hear its most brilliant Member. The Bishops, in great force, clustered, a group of fluttering white larks, on right of Woolsack. "The white flower of a blameless Parliamentary life," the MARKISS says of them. Not an inch of red benches visible on Opposition side. Even Ministerial benches full, though, as was made clear in course of debate, not all who sit there are Ministerialists. ROSEBERTY, looking



Supporting the Crown.

more boyish than ever, sat amid the elders on Front Bench; makes no sign of intention to follow SELBORNE; takes no note nor betrays other evidence of uneasiness. SELBORNE preaches for hours and half. Understood to be sermon worthy of his fame; we Commoners in gallery over bar could hear only fragmentary portions of sentences. Reported that SELBORNE had lost his notes; Member for Sark recognises most kindly interposition of Providence.

"If he speaks for hour and half with only recollection of his notes where would he have been if he had them?" Must get WEIR to put that conundrum to CHANCELLOR of the Exchequer.

Grateful to ROSEBERTY, since at least we can hear him, though he,

too, now and then falls into habit of dropping end of sentence. This is less excusable, since none of them are heavy. A clever speech, scarcely obscuring what seems to be difficult position. "Dancing among the eggs," is BALFOUR OF BURGHLEY's commentary. Of all listeners in the brilliant throng none so attentive as the MARKISS.

Seems, on the whole, to like speech better than does SPENCER.

"Reminds me, TOBY," MARKISS says, "of what LOVELACE wrote to LUCANTA, 'on going to the war.' How does it run?"

I could not love Home Rule so much
Loved I not GLADSTON more."

In the Commons pegging away at estimates; occasional explosions; JOSEPH, popping in from Lords, said a few genial words just to keep matters going, and disappeared again. Came back after midnight in time to have a round with SQUIRE OF MALWOOD.

Uneasy feeling prevalent consequent on announcement made early in sitting that charwoman employed in service of House has died of cholera. This regarded as being exceedingly inconsiderate. Questions usually every day about cholera at Grimsby and Hull. That all very well; an incident possible to regard with philosophical mind. But cholera in our own kitchen quite another sort of microbe.

"I'm a family man," said COBB. "It's no use denying it, and I will not attempt it. Was thinking of staying to see this out; begin to think the Session unduly prolonged. In short, if I may quote an old proverb adapted to the occasion, I would say, When cholera comes in by the window COBB goes out by the door."

Business done.—Third night Home-Rule debate in Lords. Supply in Commons.

Saturday, 1 A.M.—All up with Little Bill-ee. His worst fears are realised. Whilst Captain WILLIUM has been having a quiet, restful time among the heather, Guzzling BOB and Gorging HARTY have worked their wicked will on the innocent. Snickersees have been drawn; blows have been dealt; the hunger of Ulster has been satisfied; Little Bill-ee has been killed and eaten.

"Just so," said the LORD CHANCELLOR from behind his wig; "a meal eagerly partaken of. Now we've nothing to do but to wait awhile, and see how it agrees with them. You remember, TONY, the letters engraved on the tomb of her late husband by the sorrowing widow in Ohio?"

S. Y. L.

"See you later," she explained to inquiring friends, was its portent. S. Y. L., Little Bill-ee, S. Y. L.!"

Business done.—Lords throw out Home-Rule Bill by 419 Votes against 41.

Sartorial.

"NAKED and not ashamed" our "Interests" stand,
"Scourge of our Teal, monopolist of our Land!"
So someone says. But 'twill be found, if tested,
These "naked" interests are mostly vested.

A REAL "MAYOR'S NEST."—The platform (presided over by the Mayor of Bristol) on the occasion of the opening of the Bristol Fine Art and Industrial Exhibition. (See Illustrated Papers pausing.)

MOTTO FOR A MAN REPROVED FROM THE GALLows.—No noose is good news



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The following extract from the "REVIEW OF REVIEWS," Nov., 1890, is of interest to every smoker:
THE PIPE IN THE WORKHOUSE—The picture drawn by our Helper of the poor old man in the workhouse, puffing away at an empty pipe, has touched the hearts of some of our correspondents. One who writes from the High Alps, and signs himself "Old Bore," says: "I have been struck with your picture in the October number of the Review of Reviews for a scheme to supply smokers in union workhouses with tobacco. I am afraid, by the ordinary standards, I am the most foolish of mortals, as I never give a cent away for purposes of so-called charity; but this scheme of yours appeals at once to the sympathies of a hardened and inveterate miser. Were I in London, I would at once start a collecting box for the fund, and levy contributions for it on my smoking acquaintances, but, unfortunately, my business compels me to be a wanderer round the Continent for the next nine months. I can, however, do a little and would like to contribute a pound of what I consider the best SMOKING TOBACCO, viz., 'PLAYER'S NAVY CUT' (this is not an advertisement). I assume, therefore, a charge for the amount.



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